

AMERICAN LANCASTER GAZETTE.

"PUT NONE BUT AMERICANS ON GUARD."—GEORGE WASHINGTON.

NEW SERIES—VOL. 6, NO. 45.

LANCASTER, OHIO, THURSDAY MORNING, MARCH 10, 1859.

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The Lancaster Gazette.

CLARKE & SON,
EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

OFFICE—Martin's Row, one Door South
of the Post-Office.

Terms of Subscription to the Gazette.

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Subscriptions taken for any length of time at the
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All advertisements for laborer period than one
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A Poetic Legislator.
A brother of the illustrious Charles Sumner—grand old
"Thaddeus," and the editor of the New York Post-
tribune, the illustrious Mr. Sumner, is, in a
lesser degree than his distinguished brother, a poet,
and has written some beautiful things. The following
from the Missouri Democrat is from his pen, and will
commend itself to our readers without further comment.

The Valley Brook.

From the fountain of the wood
A rivulet of the valley came,
And glistened on many a road,
Flashed with the morning's ruddy flame.

The air was fresh, and soft, and sweet,
The slopes in spring's new verdure lay,
And wet with dew-drops at my feet,
Bloomed the young violets of May.

No sound of busy life was heard,
And these pastures lone and still,
Save the faint chirrup of early birds,
Or bleat of flocks along the hill.

I traced that rivulet's winding way,
New scenes of beauty opened round,
Where meads of brighter verdure lay,
And lovelier blossoms tinged the ground.

Am happy valley stream, I said—
Calm glides thy wave amid the flowers,
Thy fragrance wafts thy path is shed
Through all the joyous summer hours.

O, could my life like thine be passed
In some remote and silent glen,
Where I might dwell, and sleep at last,
Far from the bustling haunts of men!

But what are school-girls' dreams worth,
The village school-boy's merry laugh,
And amidst the village hum and stir,
The ringing of the water-fall?

I looked the widening vale betwixt
A path that shone like burnished steel,
Where that bright valley stream was strayed
To turn the miller's ponderous wheel.

And why should I, I thought with shame,
Sigh for a life of solitude,
When even a stream without a name
Is laboring for the common good.

No, never let me shun my part,
And the busy scene of life;
But with a warm and generous heart
Press forward in the glorious strife.

From Moore's Rural New Yorker.

JOHN EASTMAN'S LUCK.

BY EMILY C. HUNTINGTON.

"That's just my luck," angrily exclaimed
a young mechanic, dashing down a
note that informed him that, during his
absence from his place of business, a gen-
tleman had called to complete a partial
contract with him for a heavy job of work
and not being able to wait, had taken it to
another workman.

"I was born to ill luck," he continued,
and there is no use in trying to contend
against fate.

"How long were you absent from the
shop, John?" inquired a quiet-looking old
man who was sitting by.

"Not over an hour or so; perhaps two
hours."

"Had you not an engagement to meet
this gentleman to-day?"

"Why yes, and started for my shop for
that purpose, but I thought I would just
drop in to see that western land invest-
ment was likely to turn out, and in the
excitement, I forgot the hour till it
was late—so here is a good two hundred
dollars worth of work gone, all for
wretched luck."

The old man smiled faintly, but went
on questioning. "And how about your
land investment—is it likely to prove as
profitable as you anticipated?"

"That is another specimen of the way
my cards turn up. It seems the man of
whom I bought had legal claim to it, and
so my title is not worth a cent."

"How much money did you invest there?"

"Three hundred dollars—money that I
had been laying by ever since my mar-
riage to help purchase a house and lot—
but it is gone now, and I am not likely to
get anything beforehand again, very soon."

"There is Jones he bought land at the same
and it is worth ten times the money he
paid for it—he always lucks."

"I believe he employed an agent to ex-
amine all the deeds and titles carefully be-
fore he purchased, did he not, John?"

"Yes, and paid him an exorbitant price
too; I never would encourage such extor-
sion. Besides, Edwards, who sold me my
claim, assured me that he knew it to be
perfectly good, and I could never have
had the face to question the honesty of an
old friend and neighbor."

"It seems he had the face to cheat you
out of your money," said the old gentle-
man, smiling again, but more faintly than
before. "Is there no chance to recover
anything of him?"

"None at all. Jones told me, confiden-
tially, a couple of weeks ago, that he sus-
pected all was not right, and advised me
to keep an eye on Edwards, but I thought
there was no hurry, and yesterday I learned
that he had sailed from New York, no one
knows where. So I have to make the best
of my luck."

"You use that word luck pretty freely,
John—may I ask you what you mean by
it, and on what ground you charge all
misfortunes to it?"

"Why, you cannot deny Uncle William,
that some men are constitutionally unlucky
while others, with no greater advantages,
and seemingly in the very same circum-
stances, will prosper in every undertaking.
I could give you plenty of instances here
under our own observation."

"Suppose you give one; that will do very
well."

"Well, then, I can mention none better
than Jones and myself. We began life to-
gether as mechanics, with nearly equal
advantages in every respect, except that I
had a little the better of him, in inheriting
a small farm of my father's. We were
married at the same time, and our wives
were both prudent, careful housekeepers—
models in every respect. My family is
no larger than his, but look at the contrast
now. His business has gone steadily up-
ward, until he has all he can attend to,

with the help of several apprentices, while
I, who have been always called the best
workman, can hardly find employment for
one. I am still living in an inconvenient,
rented house, while Jones has a snug little
home of his own, with garden, fruit and
every comfort of life. His children are
healthy, and his wife looks no older than
when he married her, ten years ago; while
my poor Mary is thin and care-worn, and
my doctor's bill is almost as much as my
rent. I am sure I have made every possi-
ble exception; I work as hard as Jones,
but there is such a thing as luck, and
mine, thus far, has been bad enough."

"Now, John Eastman," began the old
man slowly, "I want you to listen to me.
You talk about luck, and I, an old man,
who has seen seventy odd years of life, I
tell you there is no such thing as luck—
The thread of your destiny was never put
into the hands of the blind goddess, Fate,
to be twisted and tangled at her will. I
believe in a living Providence that over-
rules all things, but I believe that every
man makes his own track through life,
and is responsible for a great measure of its
roughness."

"Then you would throw all the blame
of man's misfortunes upon himself. That
seems rather hard."

"It is a great thing for a man to learn to
distinguish between these things which are
the results of his own unwise actions,
and those that spring from causes beyond
his control."

"I admit this, but I am sure I have al-
ways tried to act according to my best
judgment, and can a man do more than
that?"

"If you will not be angry with me, John,
I would like to talk to you a little about
your best judgment."

"Oh, there is no fear of that, Uncle Wil-
liam—you know I always take your ad-
vice kindly, though I cannot quite agree
with you in some of your ways of think-
ing."

"People that take advice so kindly are
not sure to make much use of it; but no
matter. When I came in this morning I
found you in a great rage over your bad
luck in losing that job of work, which I
suppose went to Jones, as his shop is al-
ways open. Pray, who was to blame for
that, but yourself, for neglecting your en-
gagement to meet the agent? And will
the evil result stop with the loss of this
one job? Those men, as you well know,
have occasion for thousands of dollars
worth of work in your line every year,
and will it not be natural that, in deciding
where to look in future, they should dis-
trust a man who failed to meet an appoint-
ment in which his own interests were in-
volved? Ah, John, I see more bad luck
in store for you there."

"I intended to keep the engagement, but
the disappointment about my land put it
all out of my mind."

"That land business, again; now look at
that and see how much luck had to do
with it. Which was the wiser Jones, who
had a competent man for making sure his
claim, or you, who trusted to luck, and the
honesty of a speculator, and sold the whole?"

"Well, I may have erred in judgment in
some case, but, after all, I am a firm be-
liever in the wisdom of the old proverb, which
teaches that some men are born with silver
spoons in their mouths, and some with
wooden ones."

"Very likely, John, very likely, but the
accident of birth is nothing, and the wooden
spoon, if rightly handled, will carry more
meat to the mouth than the silver one.
All depends on the management."

The old gentleman took up his cane and
went out of the shop, saying pleasantly,
"You must learn to carry your spoon more
steadily, friend John, or you'll never find
it of much use, be it silver or wooden."

"Just like Uncle William," said John
Eastman to himself as he looked up his
shop and turned toward home, "he is al-
ways laying the blame of my misfortunes
on my own shoulders, and yet one cannot
get angry with him. Heigh! this has been
an unlucky day to me. I would not
care so much about the land if it were not
for Mary, who will be so fully disap-
pointed that the money is gone."

As he opened the door to enter his home,
his wife looked up from her sewing, with
a happier expression in her pale face than
he had seen there in a long time, as she
eagerly asked, "Have you seen Mr. Ward
since morning, John?"

"No—why do you ask?" replied he, with
an involuntary sinking of his feelings as
he half guessed the reason.

"He was here just a few days ago, and
told me, this morning, and told me to tell
you, in case he should not see you, that
he had decided to sell the house and lot
about which you spoke last summer, and
if you wished still to purchase, he would
make easy terms with you. You might
pay three or four hundred dollars down,
and the rest as you were able. I am so
glad, John, that we have at last a chance
for a home; that place you know is ex-
actly what we want, and the terms are so
reasonable."

"But Mary," began her husband, with
the air of a man who does not know what
he is saying, "I have about decided not to
buy this year, my business—"

"Oh, John, do not go to objecting—
You have always been going to buy next
year ever since we were married. There
is now nothing in this way—the money
you have in the bank is just enough for the
first payment."

"Well, Mary, you might as well know
first as last that I invested nearly all that

money a few months ago in western land.
I did not say anything to you about it, for
I knew it would worry you, and I had no
doubt of being able to replace the money
fourfold before we should want it, and so
I should but for my wretched luck!"

In spite of his words, John Eastman
looked ashamed, and felt very much as if
he had been robbing somebody, and in
truth he had robbed his wife and children
of a pleasant home, to gratify his propen-
sity to try experiments in making haste to
be rich. No wonder he felt this when he
looked at his wife, as she sank back in her
chair, and gave utterance to a despairing
sigh. In the ten years of her married
life she had learned some hard lessons, and
it was not often now that she looked for-
ward to the future very hopefully, but all
this morning her heart had been dwelling
on the sunny picture of a home that was to
be her own; a home that she might make
beautiful for her children, that they might
have it for a pleasant memory all
their lives, linked with the thought of
their mother. This all lost now, and for a
moment it was hard to let it go, but she
was one of those women whose characters
are best set forth in the few words, "LOV-
ING AND PATIENT," and long before John
Eastman finished his dinner and left for
his shop, her face was as calm and sweet as
ever, and her husband carried his image
away with him, to haunt him the rest
of the day.

"Well, I do declare," exclaimed Miss
Sally, the neighborhood gossip, as she
watched from her window the comers and
goers, "I do declare, there is John East-
man gone right by Smith's without stop-
ping. Something must be to pay with his
folks."

Smith's was the village grocery, and, as
a sign over the window declared, the vil-
lage post-office, a favorite resort for that
class of MALE POSSESSORS so numerous in most
communities, and it had long been a habit
with John Eastman to call in on his way to and
from his shop. This day, to the great as-
tonishment of others besides Miss Sally,
he walked rapidly past. Something was
evidently "a-goin' on," as that lady ac-
cidentally asserted, and as the young me-
chanic took up his tools, and set himself ear-
nestly to complete a long neglected job,
there was a look of resolution in his face
that was encouraging promise for the fu-
ture.

Towards evening the gentleman who
had brought the work to be done came in,
and was evidently surprised to see it in-
completely, as he had been put off so
long. Before he left he mentioned, in a
hesitating manner, that he had some more
that he wished done. "I like your style
of finishing rather better than Jones'," said
he, and seemed unwilling to finish his sen-
tence.

"I understand you, sir," said the me-
chanic, "you fear it will not be attended to
in time. I assure you that I am deter-
mined for the future to confine myself
strictly to my business, and whatever I
engage to do shall be done. I have wait-
ed for luck long enough, and now I am
going to make some myself."

"That's right, that's right," exclaimed
the gentleman, grasping him cordially by
the hand, "I always said there was no bet-
ter workman in the land than you, if you
would only stick to your shop and let specu-
lating alone, and now I am sure you will
succeed."

And he did succeed, although not with-
out a good many hard struggles with his
besetting faults. Several months after the
conversation with Uncle William took
place, the old gentleman looked into the
shop, where he was busy at work, and
called out in his cheerful tone, "Well, friend
John, what are you about now? Learning
to handle my wooden spoon, Uncle
William, and I find it does very well, since
I gave up all hope of finding a silver one."
The young man's laughing answer—
"Only a few of the village folks have cared
to inquire into the matter, but it seems to
be pretty generally understood that John
Eastman's luck had changed."

During a recent trial at Auburn
the following occurred to vary the mon-
otony of the proceedings: Among the wit-
nesses was one as verdant a specimen of
humanity as one would wish to meet with
after a severe cross-examination, the
counsel for the government paused; then
putting on a look of severity, and with an
ominous shake of the head, exclaimed—
"Mr. Witness, has not an effort been
made to induce you to tell us to tell a
different story?"

"A different story from what I have
told sir?"

"That is what I mean."

"Yes sir, several persons have tried to
get me to tell a different story from what
I have told you but they couldn't."

"Now, sir, upon your oath, I wish to
know who those persons are."

"Well, I guess you've tried 'bout as hard
as any of 'em."

The witness was dismissed, while judge
and spectators indulged in a hearty
laugh.

"Mother you mustn't whip me for run-
ning away from school any more."

"Why not, child?"

"Because my school book says that ants
are the most industrious beings in the
world and ain't I true?"

The act forbidding the immigration
of Chinamen into California, has been de-
clared unconstitutional by the Supreme
Court of the State.

The Atlantic Cable was paid out
at first, and has never paid anything
since. It lived a while upon its credit,
but now even its last tick has been stop-
ped.—[Louisville Journal.]

The Life of a Printer.

Printers, it is said, die at an early age.
This is doubtless caused by the noxious
effluvia rising from the types, want of ex-
ercise, constant employment, and the late
hours to which their work is prolonged.

There is no other class of human beings
whose privileges are so few, whose labor is
so continuous, whose wages are so in-
adequate, as printers. If a "typo" be a
man of family, he is debarred of the privi-
leges of enjoying their society at all times
because his hours of labor are almost end-
less, and his moments of leisure are so few
that they must be spent to recruit his ex-
hausted energies, and prepare him for the
renewal of his toils. Poor fellow! he
knows nothing of sociability, and is shut
out from the world as a convict in a pris-
on cell. Truly he is in the world, but
knows not of it. To-day, to-morrow, to-
night and by day, in his life, until prema-
ture old age ends his existence. For the
advancement of science, morality, and vir-
tue, the chords of his heart are severed
one by one, and when his life is run, and
time to him is no more he goes down to
the grave uncareful and unknown, though
his existence has been sacrificed for the
benefit of his race.

When we hear mechanics cry out a-
gainst oppression and demand certain
hours for labor, and for rest, we cannot
but reflect upon this situation of our own
craft; how every moment of their lives is
forced into service to earn a bare subsis-
tence, how uncomplacingly they devote
themselves to the good of that same pub-
lic, who wear them as a loose garment to be
dooned when convenient and doffed when
no longer needed.

Printers are universally poor men, and
for two reasons. The first is—they rarely
ever receive a fair compensation for their
services. And the second is—that in-
stead of continual suffering, privation,
and toil, their purses strings are ever open
at the bidding of charity, and the hard-
earned "dime" are freely distributed for
the relief of their fellow men. Thus it is
that they live poor, die poor, and if a
suitable reward does not await them after
death, and indeed, must be the beginning
the existence, and the end, of poor "typo."

The condition of things in Mexico
now, is considered, by well informed ob-
servers, as indicating the probable recall of
Santa Anna, Zuloaga, who has been rein-
stated in the Presidency, is without force or
character, as has been proved by former
experience. A man of desperate fortunes,
and formerly a professional gambler, he
has no moral or material state in the regen-
eration of Mexico. The real control re-
sides in the hand of the army, and that
has been given to Salas' friend if not a
retained partisan of Santa Anna. If he
should march upon Vera Cruz and dislodge
Juarez, according to the last programme,
that may be considered as opening the
door for the one-legged exile, who has
been watching his chance, and avoiding
the dangers of constant revolution, in a
convenient retreat in the island of St.
Thomas, where he has sojourned his proba-
tion with cock fighting and other amuse-
ments.

Time—What a blessed order of nature
it is that the footsteps of time are insu-
perable, and noisier, and that the seasons of
life like those of the year, are so indistin-
guishably brought on in the gentle pro-
gression, and are so blended the one with
the other, that the human being scarcely
knows, except from a faint and unpleasant
sensation that he is growing old.

So day steals into night through the
crimson curtain of twilight. So the Golden
gates of dawn swing around noon, as the
portals of heaven. Even the best of
the earth is muffled, that we may not know
how fast it struggles out. From the
building of the oak to the roofing of the
tower, there is no click of the machinery.
There is no noise save the helpless waves,
or the rent air groaning with the light-
ning's bolt, or now and then the play of
volcano's valves, or of the puny cries of
insects, or of men in all this world of ours.
The present makes but a slight ripple, like
the trailing of a steamer on a quiet sea.

A PRINTER IN COURT.—A suit came on
the other day in which a printer named
Kelley was a witness. The case was an
assault and battery that came off between
two men named Brown and Henderson.

"Mr. Kelley, did you witness the affair
referred to?"

"Yes sir."

"Well what have you to say about it?"

"That it was the best piece of punctu-
ation I have seen in some time."

"What do you mean by that?"

"Why, that Brown dotted one of Hen-
derson's eyes, for which Henderson put a
period to Brown's breathing for about
half a minute."

The Court comprehended the matter at
once, and fined the defendant fifty dollars.

MR. STEPHEN MASSEY.—At a complimen-
tary concert given this gentlemen by his
friends in Charleston, we saw that Edgar
Allen Poe's "Chime of the Bells" was re-
cited by a class of sixty young gentlemen
of one of the Collegiate Schools of that
city. Its effect was admirable.

The Atlantic Cable was paid out
at first, and has never paid anything
since. It lived a while upon its credit,
but now even its last tick has been stop-
ped.—[Louisville Journal.]

Personal Preaching.

"Sir," said a lady one fine Sunday, to a
clergyman, just after the morning services
were concluded, "sir, I hope you will not
preach that sermon again."

"Why not, Madam?"

"It was so very personal!"

"Indeed what part of it?"

"Oh! that part of it about, worldly mind-
edness and covetousness."

"But how could that be personal—the
remarks were not general enough?"

"You may not have intended to apply it
personally but the congregation will."

"To whom, Madam?"

"Why, to me."

The lady and the clergyman parted but
not very cordially, as she could not ex-
hort from him a promise never to preach
on worldly mindedness any more. A week
passed, and on the Sunday following, the same
clergyman preached on the subject of "pro-
viding all things honest," and his text oc-
curring in the service of the day, which
generally guided him in the selections of
his subjects. In this sermon, (that he)
there is nothing to excite the feelings of
the lady, who complained of the former
discourse; but on the following day, as he
was fetching the letters from the post office
he encountered the lady's coachman.

"If you please, said John, touching his
hat, 'if you please, sir, I can explain all
about the hats.'"

"Explain all about the hats, John I don't
understand you."

"Why, sir the hats as you preached a-
bout yesterday."

"The hats I preached about yesterday
John?"

"Yes, I quite understood you."

"That is more than I can do as to you,
John, pray explain yourself."

"Why sir, you see, Madam and me had a
row about the hats, and me, sir, and
the butler and footman, felt sure as
how Madam had set you to preach to us."